East Side "Merry Widow" the Jolliest Yet.

That is to say, "The Merry Widow" has a perfect lady for a Prince on the east side just below where Third avenue and Thirteenth street meet on friendly terms and beer flows in both directions. If Mr. Donald Brian and Mr. Charles Ross imagine for a moment that it takes a man to be a prince they have only to go to the Orpheum Concert Garden and see Fraulein Thury to learn that their imagination needs renovating

It is somewhat surprising, of course, to note this rather mixed state of affairs, especially if you have got into the Broadway habit of accepting a prince without question, but if you happen to have any questions to ask, a German press agent from Ireland is

right there to answer them.

'You see," explained the German-Irish press agent, "no tenor's voice can live in tobacco smoke, and so we had to get a lady for the part of the Prince. How about smoked sopranos? Well, strange as it may seem, they're not like tenors You can smoke up as much as you like but you can't smoke down a soprano. If we had a tenor on the job and some houghtless person lighted a cigarette while his voice was exposed, we'd have to close the show. Now, you could pull pipe on Miss Thury-Fraulein Thury. I should say-without affecting her voice in the least. By the way, bring along your cigar and meet Miss-Fraulein

Kelly-no, Thury-won't you?"

The pleasure was all mine, There wasn't a sign of smoke about Fraulein Thury, and she was very happy to be a prince. There had been only one difficulty about the part, she explained and that was the mustache that went with it "by permission of Mr. Henry W. Savage." She was obliged to cut the mustache, for it got into her voice and interfered with her range. Nothing troubled her now but her German. which, she confessed, was a trifle to the goulash because of an inborn taste

For the Hungarian style of language. You may have guessed from the opening paragraph of this critical review "The Merry Widow" at the Orpheum is as German as beer. Moreover you bot the unexpurgated edition of the Viennese operatta that has set the town waitsing. When the baron's naughty frau gives up her fan, the husband reads

spectable woman." Bowing low he says: apologize-I didn't know that." This brought screams of laughter last night from an audience that instuded Mr. Otto Goritz, who seemed to velcome the change from Metropolitan Dpera-House grandeur to Third avenue implicity. There was nothing pretenus about the production, but it more than made up in spirit what it lacked in menery. Because of the tiny stage the ettings had to be built up between acts. This took time, of course, but thanks to the waiters the waits didn't seem long. fact midnight arrived an hour ahead

Fri. Thury as Prince Danilo.

Frl. Tilly as the Merry Widow.

The singing was so good that the auoce repeated its order several times. and of course once wasn't enough when a came to the waltz. Fraulein Tilly, the My widow of the merry cast, was a retty big armful for the Prince, but Fraulein Thury, who acted like a naughby youngster on a lark, bore up like a man and denced like one as well. Frauein Tilly's voice came out nobly in the song, and the other singers backed her up splendidly. Frau Gerold filled the role of the baron's wife to overflowing, and Herr Salzer, an occomedian who used to be the delight of the Second Avenue Orpheum was as funny as he looked in the part of the messenger. When he turned on

Herr Salzer as Njegus. like a subway train paying its respects to the new tunnel. To him belongs the for the excellent little production, capled from the original, which he

The Orpheum's "Merry Widow" is the folliest yet, and not the least bit

Rarest of All Trades.

of instruments of torage. I suppose that at this moment, in Siam and China, vallow men are bleeding and the suppose that at the moment, in Siam and China, yellow men are bleeding and howling in the clutch of mamines of my make. For seventeen years, in Birmingham, my home, I have been corning out racks, hair and nail drawers, thumbscrews, skinners, needle beds, mearing irons, bone breakers, and what not, Slam and China have bought their Instruments of torture from Birmingham for generations. Some of these contrivances are very costly and ingenious. There's a water dropper which works by clockwork that costs \$500. There's a-but that's too horrible to talk about. The Chinese instruments, by the way, are a million times crueler than the

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

HE plain outing shirt is one that is well liked by men. It can be made from plain chevor figured, from madras or from percale, from pongee, wash silk, from every material that used for garments of the sort. This one can nished with neckband and wrist-bands and worn with separate collar and cuffs, or with s roll-over collar attached to the neck and with ouffs stitched to the sleeve edges. Again, allows a choice of a yoke or plain back, so that it fulfils almost every need and require-

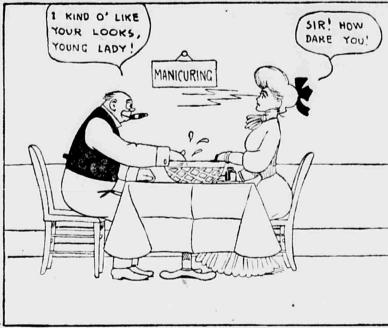
The quantity of magerial required for the medium size is 4 1-3 wards 27, or 3 1-4 yards \$6 inches wide.

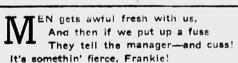
Pattern 5916 is cut In sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch breast measure.



Outing Shirt-Pattern No. 5916 mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN ON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered IMPORTANT-Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

HENEWPLAXG It's Somethin' Fierce, Frankie!



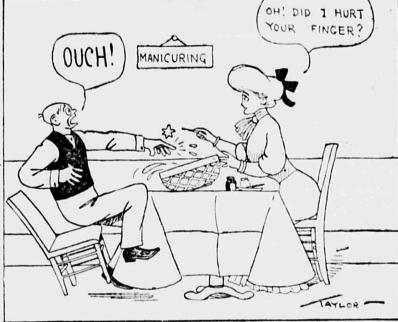




Of course if some one's awful nice We never think about it twice His bein' fresh den't cut no ice! That ain't so fierce, Frankie!



The other day I made a date To meet a friend at half past eight; He never showed-just let me wait! It's somethin' fierce, Frankle!



He came 'round to apologize (The nerve of some o' these here guys!) I cut his hand-guess I ain't wise! It's somethin' fierce. Frankie!

Buffalo Bill's New Tales of the Plains &

the whole district. Their atrocities were! "A figure with apparently a red cap | necessary pursuit of the defiant foe. As

The Fight Elephant Rock



Elephant Rock at the south end of Beaver Valley n the winter of 69. Major - Ge Eugene A. Carr account of the affair. He wrote: ne of the bravst. wisest Indian lighters who ever

lived. I am proud and that he trusted me.

A big war party of "dog soldlers" were making themselves a danger to retreat.

his pursuit till they were crushed. phant Rock. Coming upon their fresh

ing an advance force of skirmishers unown, and unexpectedly came up with so large a force of Indians that he was almost cut off before Carr with reinforcements could get to his relief. A

early forgotten- ages making a gallant running fight of the south side, where they scattered in days. All that time, almost, I was in the saddle. Then came the climax. The rest of the adventure I am going to quote from Gen. Carr's own official

"The Indians had got into four ravines, which headed near the trail, two on each side. Babcock dismounted hi men and formed them in a circle and stood the Indians off. I sent Lieut. spoke of me as his friend Bradley with the next company to open communications, and the Indians, supposing the whole command was coming (fanatical renegades collected from a went on as before. Reaching the scene dozen different tribes) were out and we could see the Indians scattering in

at last so great that Carr had orders to rose slowly on the hill. For an ingo after them and never to let up in stant it puzzled me, as it wore the buckskin and had long hair, but on see-For months we followed them, and ing the horse I recognized that it was caught up with them at last near Ele- Cody's Powder Face, and saw that the rider was 'Buffalo Bill' without his rail there, Carr went into camp, send- broadbrimmed sombrero. On closer inspection I saw his head was swathed in a bloody handkerchief. His hat had after patching up his head a little, t acted as guide to the skirmishers. War I been shot off, the bullet uloughing his bring relief and meet us at a poin sent me on in a line parallel to his scalp badly for about five inches. It

but a lucky one. THIS is the story of the hattle now Next day the chase kept up, the savt, This sort of thing continued three every direction after dropping a good making a successful ride of fifty unning, so we went back and camped plies. orth of the Republican. The advance everely punished, with a loss on our side of but four or five killed and few wounded; t. s. with Babcock's horse wounded and Cody's narrow escape as

> ne resulting casualties. "The object of the campaign was nearly accomplished, but our greatest need was supplies, which the hot trail world."

he country was infested with Indians and it was fifty miles to the neares supply point, Fort Kearny, on consultaffon with Cody, he decided it would be best to undertake the job himsel of going for supplies.

"I gave him the best horse in the out fit, and when twilight arrived he starte

"These were about the most definit bleeding profusely-a very close call, directions any scout got in the trackles fulfilment of them showed the peculia

"Cody, returning, reached us safely deal of plunder. We could see them on during the night, arriving at Fort Kearhe distant hill, but could not catch my at daylight. He had chased an hem under the circumstances, or with- fought Indians all day, been wounded out means of some counter strategic and superintended the loading of sup-

"And when, through his rare frontie instinct, he reached us, he had bee almost constantly in the saddle for forty hours. Pretty strenuous work!

Back numbers of this series may be obtained by sending application and one-cent stam; Department, Evening

When I left the WOMAN WITH THE

ASK this morning she had a volum

called "Menticulture," by Fletcher, in her

hand and has promised to try system

atically to overcome her inveterate ter

In the Saturday Evening World the

will be described at length and her

progress in weight and measurements

Not So Bad as It Seemed.

A walking tour of Ireland in com-

pon a white-haired old woman sitting

n front of a cabin surrounded by some

The father said nothing, but being as

ch in sympathy as he is in dollars he

ressed it into the old woman's hand.

whitewashing."-Youth's Companion.

To Balance

atter?"

poor little sticks of furniture and

"An eviction!" said the daughter.

N American who recently made

By R. W. Taylor The Greatest of Short Story Writers.

O. Henry's Stories of New York Life

⁽⁾_______ STORY NO. 7.

The Badge of Policeman O'Roon

(From 'The Trimmed Lamp," by (Copyright, 1907, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

T cannot be denied that men and women have looked upon one another for the first time and become other for the first time and become people's feet in the park this day. I will save your badge and your honor, ess, this love at first sight, before she besides having the jolliest lark I've been has seen him in Bradstreet or he has seen her in curl papers. But these things do happen, and one instance must form a theme for this storythough not, thank heaven, to the overshadowing of more vital and important subjects, such as drink, policemen, horses and earldoms.

itself the Centle Riders rode into history and one or two ambuscades. The bave. Gentle Riders were recruited from the aristocracy of the wild men of the West | The Runaway. and the wild men of the aristocracy of the East. In khaki there is little telling morning spun a victoria drawn by a them one from another, so they became pair of fiery bays. There was somegood friends and comrades all around. thing foreign about the affair, for the enbocker descent atoned for his modest cept by unimportant people who love rating at only ten millions, ate his to be healthy, poor and wise. In the canned beef gayly by the campfires of vehicle sat an old gentleman with great lark to him, so that he scarcely regretted polo and planked shad.

The Rough River.

One of the troopers was a well set up. affable, cool young man, who called himself O'Roon. To this young man Remsen took an expecial liking. The two rode side by side during the famous mooted up-hill charge that was disputed so hotly at the time by the Spaniards and afterward by the Demo-

polo and shad, One day a well set up, affable, cool young man disturbed him man O'Roon. The chestnut ranged changing opprobious epithets after the back at Remsen, and said in the only manner of long-lost friends. O'Roon manner open to policemen's horses: looked seedy and out of luck and peris content was only apparent.

'No trouble at all," said Remsen. I know a lot of men who have banks ular line you fancy?"

interest. "I took a walk in your Cen- his seat and stood at the head of the ral Park this morning. I'd like to be team. The chestnut, approving his

a very short time he did. And they he were not above looking at mounted rancing chestnut steed attending to his luties along the driveways of the park,

A Girl's Face.

earying old gentlemen who carry here must be a hint of love at first peal was in the eyes of the lady.

It came just as Remsen was strolling In Leve,

car was a chauffeur and an old gentleman with snowy side whiskers and a Scotch plaid cap which could not be worn while automobiling except by a personage. Not even a wine agent Who was he? Mounted Policeman

would dare to do it. But these two were of no consequence except, peraps, for the guiding of the machine his comrade were in his hands. If and the paying for it. At the old Ellsworth Remsen, ten-millionaire and gentieman's side sat a young lady more Knickerbocker, had just rescued romeanders. Remsen saw her and knew his O'Roon? Off his beat, exposed, disfate. He could have flung himself graced, discharged. Love had come, under the very wheels that conveyed but before that there had been someher, but he knew that would be the thing that demanded precedence-the

those who ride in motor cars. Slowly ing an alien foe. the auto passed, and, if we place the Remsen touched his cap, looked bepoets above the autoists, carried the heart of Remsen with it. Here was a refuge in vernacularity. large city of millions, and many women who at a certain distance appear to "We policemen are paid to do these resemble pomegranate blossoms. Yet the hoped to see her again; for each things. It's our duty." et of the WOMAN WITH THE MASK fancies that his romance has its tutelary guardian and divinity.

And he rode away—rode away cursing noblesse oblige, but knowing he could own tutelary guardian and divinity.

there came a diversion in the guise of a reunion of the Gentle Riders of the chestnut to his stable and went to o'Roon's room. The policeman was paniard was bearded again in recapit- cigars. ation. And when daylight threatened The Earl's Son. But some remained upon the battlefield. "I wish you and the rest of the police One of these was Trooper O'Roon, who force and all badges, horses, brass but-

nade a five pound note into a wad and ment. "I'm Stewed, Remsen!"

'Now," said he, "tell me what is the "I'm stewed, Remsen," said O'Roon "Sure, sir," said the old woman, paus catherine wheels? They'll take away ago. There was a little row at home, ng in her curtseying. "me ould man's my shield and break me. I can think and talk con-con-consec-secutively, but I s-s-stammer with my feet. I've got to go on duty in three hours. The ig is up, Remsen. The jig is up, I tell

> "Look at me," said Remsen, who was his smiling self, pointing to his own face; "whom do you see here?" "Goo" fellow." said O'Roon, dizzily.

"goo' oki Remsen." "Not so," said Remsen. "You see

out a glass—but look at mine, and think of yours. How much alike are we? As two French table d'hote dinners. With your badge, on your horse, in your uni-form, will I charm nurse-maids and

blessed with since we licked Spain." Promptly on time the counterfeit presentment of Mounted Policeman O'Roon single-footed into the Park on his chestnut steed. In a uniform two men who are unlike will look alke; two who somewhat resemble each other in feature and figure will appear as twin brothers. So Remsen trotted down the During a certain war a troop calling bridle paths, enjoying himself hugely, so few real pleasures do ten-millionaires

Along the driveway in the early Ellsworth Remsen, whose old Knick- park is rarely used in the morning excap which could not be worn while driving except by a personage. At his side sat the lady of Remsen's heartthe lady who looked like pomegranate blossoms and the gibbous moon.

Remsen met them coming. At the instant of their passing her eyes looked into his, and but for the ever coward heart of a true lover he could have sworn that she flushed a faint pink. He trotted on for twenty yards, and then wheeled his horse at the sound of runaway hoofs. The bays had bolted, Remsen sent his chestnut after the victoria like a shot. There was work cut out for the impersonator of Policeat his club, and he and O'Roon were alongside the off bay thirty seconds soon pounding each other and ex- after the chase began, rolled his eye

"Well, you duffer, are you going to ectly contented. But it seemed that do your share? You're not O'Roon, but it seems to me if you'd lean to the "Get me a job, Remsan," he said. right you could reach the reins of that I've just handed a barber my last foolish, slow-running bay-ah! you're all right; O'Roon couldn't have done it

more neatly!" The runaway team was tugged to an nd stores and things downtown. Any inglorious hait by Remsen's tough muscles. The driver released his hands "Yes," said O'Roon, with a look of from the wrapped reins, jumped from

those bobbles on horseback, new rider, danced and pranced, revil-That would be about the ticket. Besides, ing equinely the subdued bays. Remis the only thing I could do, I can sen, lingering, was dimly conscious of ride a little and the fresh air suits me. a vague, impossible, unnecessary old Remsen was sure that he could, And incessantly about something. And he

was acutely conscious of a pair of lolet eyes that would have drawn olicemen might have seen a well set Saint Pyrites from his iron pillar-or ip, affable, cool young man on a whatever the allusion is-and of the lady's smile and look-a little frightened, but a look that, with the ever coward heart of a true lover, he could And now at the extreme risk of not yet construe. They were asking yearying old gentlemen who carry his name and bestowing upon him welleather fob chains, and elderly ladies bred thanks for his heroic deed, and who-but no! grandmother herself yet the Scotca cap was especially babbling hrills at foolish, immortal Romeo- and insistent. But the eloquent sa-

nto Fifth avenue from his club a few A little thrill of satisfaction ran A motor car was creeping along foot py foot, impeded by a freshet of by foot, impeded by a freshet of pride, was worthy of being spoken in high places, and a small fortune which,

cautiful than pomegranate biossoms, granate blossoms and Scotch cap from ore exquisite than the tops of ole- possible death, where was Policeman last means of attracting the attention fellowship of men on battlefields fight-

"Don't mention it," he said, stolidly.

Luckily for Remsen's peace of mind never have done anything else.

erhaps a score—and there was wassail, again a well set up, affable, cool young and things to eat, and speeches, and the man, who sat by the window smoking

was not seasoned to potent liquids. His tons and men who can't drink two legs declined to fulfil the obligations glasses of brut without getting upset they had sworn to the police depart- were at the devil," said Remsen feel-

O'Roon smiled with evident satisfac-

"Good old Remsen." he said affably, "I know all about it. They trailed me totels that go round and round like down and cornered me here two hours you know, and I cut sticks just to show them. I don't believe I told you that my overnor was the Earl of Ardsley. governor was the Earl of Ardsley. Funny you should bob against them in the park. If you damaged that horse of mine I'll never forgive you. I'm going to buy him and take him back with me. Oh, yes, and I think my sister—Lady Angela, you know—wants particularly for you to come up to the hotel with methis evening. Didn't lose my badge, did you, Remsen? I've got to turn that in at Headquarters when I resign."

Mounted Policeman O'Roon. Look at Another O. Henry Story To-morrow,

A Bulletin From Miss Ayer About the Woman in Black

By Margaret Hubbard Aver

HE Evening World subject, TH WOMAN WITH THE MAS who is being treated for emaci. tion and premature nervous breakdow is gaining daily and begins to feel dis tinctly encouraged.

"I thought at first," said THE WOM AN WITH THE MASK, "that th change of diet and all the different ex ercises and things I have to do durin the day would quite wear me out, bu I find, on the contrary, that the die agrees with me, and I feel better an stronger already. I am immensely is terested in the breathing tests. This the first time that I have really under stood what a good, deep breath meant and how necessary it was to use one lungs if one wants to be good look

The photograph presents the WOMA: WITH THE MASK at the close of on of her daily massage treatments, just her hands are being rubbed with olivoil. Had she not been a vegetarian scented lard would have been used in this purpose, as the skin absorbs lar faster than anything else. But oliv oil is pleasanter to use, and in the case was, of course, insisted on.

Supply and Demand.

WAYSIDE WILLIAM (the tramp-

Weary Wiggles-Well, that'll be a go

going back to work?

thing for our bizness.

pers that thousan's of men was



DMAN IN THE MASK AFTER BEING MANICURED

financial, industrial and business muck.

Edwin Markham, poette raker of the muck of poverty. Eugene Higgins, artist, who muckrakes with paint brush

The Muckrakers.

HY does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked out of his mouth?" asked the teacher. "Yes, my boy?" INCOLN Steffens, Charles E. Russell, Cleveland Moffett, rakers of politi aid the visitor from the school board Ida Tarbell, Thomas W. Lawson, Samuel Hopkins Adams, rakers of bright-looking lad who held up hand, while the light of genius was Maxim Gorky, Jack London, Upton Sinclair, literary rakers of social muck.

n his eye.
"Please, sir," cried the pupil, "it's to balance his tail!"
And the teacher groaned in angulah...